

BLIND-FOLDED

By EARLE
ASHLEY
WALCOTT

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COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Giles in their room, with instruction to await his return and shoot any one who tries to enter. Outside there is heard shouting and curses and the noise of a quarrel. Henry rushes in and at his request the roommates quickly exchange clothes, and he hurriedly exits. Hardly has he gone than Giles is startled by a cry of "Help," and he runs out to find some one being assaulted by a half dozen men. He summons a policeman but they are unable to find any trace of a crime. Giles returns to his room and hunts for some evidence that might explain his strange mission. He finds a map which he endeavors to decipher. Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. "Ducky" takes the supposed Wilton to Mother Borton's. Mother Borton discovers that he is not Wilton. The lights are turned out and a few for all flight follows. Giles finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious buy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Ducky" Nahl is a traitor, having both hands in the same. Giles finds himself locked in a room. He escapes through a window.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued.)

I moved slowly down a step at a time, then from over-cautiousness slipped and came down the last three steps at once with the clatter of a four-horse team.

But nobody stirred. Then I glanced through the open door, and was stricken dead with astonishment. The room was empty!

The chairs and tables that a few hours ago I had seen scattered about were gone. There was no sign that the place had been occupied in months.

I stepped into the room that I had remembered with eager friends and enemies, eating, drinking, ready for desperate deeds. My step echoed strangely with the echo of an unfurnished house. The bar and the shelves behind it were swept clear of the bottles and glasses that had filled them. Bewildered and apprehensive, I wondered whether, after all, the events of the night were not a fantastic dream.

There was, however, no time to waste in prying into this mystery. By my watch it was close on 9 o'clock, and Doddridge Knapp might even now be making his way to the office where he had stationed me.

The saloon's front doors were locked fast, but the side door that led from the stairway to the street was fastened only with a spring lock, and I swung it open and stepped to the sidewalk.

A lead left my spirits as the door closed behind me. The fresh air of the morning was like wine after the close and musty atmosphere I had been breathing.

I hurried along the streets with but a three-minute stop to swallow a cup of coffee and a roll, and once more mounted the stairs to the office and opened the door to Number 15.

The place was in disorder. The books that had been arranged on the desk and shelves were now scattered about in confusion, as though they had been hurriedly examined and thrown aside in a fruitless search.

This was a disturbing incident, and I was surprised to discover that the door into the adjoining room was ajar. I pushed it wide open, and started back. Before me stood Doddridge Knapp, his face pale as the face of a corpse, and his eyes staring as though the dead had risen before him.

CHAPTER IX.

A Day in the Market.

The King of the Street stood for a moment staring at me with that strange and fearsome gaze. What was there in that dynamic glance that struck a chill to my spirit as though the very fountain of life had been attacked? Was it the manifestation of the powerful will behind that mask? Was it terror or anger that was to be read in the fiery eyes that gleamed from beneath those bushy brows, and in the play of the cruel mouth, which from under that yellow-gray mustache gave back the sign of the Wolf?

"Have you any orders, sir?" I asked in as calm a voice as I could command.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said the Wolf slowly, covering his fangs.

It flashed on me that the attack in the Borton den was of his planning, that Terrill was his tool, and that he had supposed me dead. It was thus that I could account for his startled gaze and evident discomposure.

"Nine o'clock was the time, you said," I suggested deferentially. "I believe it's a minute or two past."

"Oh, yes," said Doddridge Knapp, pulling himself together. "Come in here. He looked suspiciously at me as he

took a seat at his desk and motioned me to another.

"I had a little turn," he said, eyeing me nervously; "a vertigo, I believe the doctor called it. Just reach my overcoat pocket there, will you?—the left-hand side. Yes, bring me that flask."

He poured out a small glass of liquor, and the rich odor of brandy rose through the room. Then he took a vial from an inside pocket, counted a few drops into the glass and drank it at a swallow.

When he had cleared his throat of the fiery liquor, the Wolf turned to me with a more composed and kindly expression.

"And now to business," said my employer with decision. "Take down these orders."

The King of the Street was himself once more, and I marveled again at the quickness and clearness of his directions. I was to buy one hundred shares of this stock, sell five hundred of that stock, buy one thousand of another in blocks, one hundred, and sell the same in a single block at the last session.

"And the last thing you do," he continued, "buy every share of Omega that is offered. There'll be a big block of it thrown on the market, and more in the afternoon. Buy it, whatever the price. There's likely to be a big slump. Don't bid for it—don't keep up the price, you understand—but get it."

"If somebody else is snapping it up,

on the shelves. They were law books, California Reports, and the ordinary textbooks and form-books of the attorney. All here on the fly-leaf the name of Horace H. Plymire, but no paper or other indication of ownership could I find.

I wondered idly who this Plymire might be, and pictured to myself some old attorney who had fallen into the hands of Doddridge Knapp, and had, through misfortune, been forced to sell everything for the mess of pottage to keep life in him. But there was small time for musing, and I went out to do Doddridge Knapp's bidding in the stock-gambling whirlpool of Pine street.

It was easy to find Bockstein and Eppner, and there could be no mistaking the prosperity of the firm. The indifference of the clerks to my presence, and the evident contempt with which an order for a hundred shares of something was being taken from an apologetic old gentleman were enough to assure of that.

Bockstein and Eppner were together, evidently consulting over the business to be done. Bockstein was tall and gray-haired, with a stubby gray beard. Eppner was short and a little stooped, with a blue-black mustache, snapping blue-black eyes and strong blue-black dots over his face where his beard struggled vainly against the devastating razor. Both were strongly marked with the shrewd, money-getting visage. I set forth my business.

"You want to give a larch order?" said Bockstein, looking over my memorandum. "Do you have references?"

"Yes," echoed Eppner. "References are customary, you know." He spoke in a high-keyed voice that had irritating suggestions in it.

"Is there any reference better than cash?" I asked.

The partners looked at each other. "None," they replied.

"How much will secure you on the order?"

They named a heavy margin, and the sum total took my heart into my mouth. How large a balance I could draw against I had not the faintest idea. Possibly this was a trap to throw me into jail as a common swindler attempting to pass worthless

"Excellent idea," said I, "for those who know too much or too little." Eppner failed to smile, and would think of nothing to say. I was a little abashed, notwithstanding the tone of haughty indifference I took. I began to feel very young before this machine-like impersonation of the market.

Bockstein relieved the embarrassment of the situation by coming in out of breath, with a brave pretense of having been merely consulting a customer in the next room.

"You had explained to Milder Eppner?" he inquired. "Denial is done. Here is a card to der Board Room. If orders you had to give, Eppner will take them on der floor. Zhust gif him der check for margin, and all is vell."

At the end of this harangue I found myself outside the office, with Bockstein's back waddling toward the private room where the partners were to have their last consultation before going to the Board.

My check had been honored, then, and Bockstein had assured himself of my solvency. In the rebound from anxiety, I swelled with the pride of a capitalist—on Doddridge Knapp's money.

In the Board Room of the big Exchange the uproar had given me a suggestion that the business of buying and selling stocks was carried on in a somewhat less conventional manner than the trade in groceries. But it had not quite prepared me for the scene in the Exchange.

After a little I was able to discover that the shouts and yells and screams, the shaking of fists, and the waving of arms were merely a more or less energetic method of bidding for stocks; that the ringing of gongs and the bellow of the big man who smiled on the bear-garden from the high desk were merely the audible signs that another stock was being called; and that the brazen-voiced reading of a roll was merely the official announcement of the record of bargain and sale that had been going on before me.

It was my good fortune to make out so much before the purchase of the stocks on my order list was completed. The crisis was at hand in which I must have my wits about me, and be ready to act for myself.

Eppner rushed up and reported the bargains made, handing me a slip with the figures he had paid for the stocks.

"Any more orders?" he gasped. He was trembling with excitement and suppressed eagerness for the fray.

"Yes," I shouted above the roar about me. "I want to buy Omega."

He gave a look that might have been a warning, if I could have read it; but it was gone with a shrug as though he would say, "Well, it's no business of mine."

"How much?" he asked. "Wait!"

He started away at a scream from the front, but returned in a moment. He had bought or sold something, but I had not the least idea what it was, or which he had done.

"It's coming!" he yelled in my ear.

The gong rang. There was a confused cry from the man at the big desk. And pandemonium let loose.

"Omega opens at sixty-five," shouted Eppner.

"Bid sixty," I shouted in reply, "but get all you can, even if you have to pay sixty-five."

Eppner gave a bellow, and skated into a group of fat men, gesticulating violently. The roar increased, if such a thing were possible.

In a minute Eppner was back, perspiring, and I fancied a trifle worried.

"They're dropping it on me," he gasped in my ear. "Five hundred at sixty-two and one thousand at sixty. Small lots coming fast and big ones on the way."

"Good! Bid fifty-five, and then fifty, but get them."

With a roar he rushed into the midst of a whirling throng. I saw twenty brokers about him, shouting and threatening. One in his eagerness jumped upon the shoulders of a fat man in front of him, and shook a paper under his nose.

I could make out nothing of what was going on, except that the excitement was tremendous.

Twice Eppner reported to me. The stock was being hammered down down stroke by stroke. There was a rush to sell. Fifty-five—fifty-three—fifty, came the price—then by leaps to forty-five and forty. It was a panic. At last the gong sounded, and the scene was over.

Eppner reported at the end of the call. He had bought for me twelve thousand five hundred shares, over ten thousand of them below fifty. The total was frightful. There was half a million dollars to pay when the time for settlement came. It was folly to suppose that my credit at the Nevada was of this size. But I put a bold face on it, gave a check for the figure that Eppner named, and rose.

"Any more orders?" he asked.

"Not till afternoon."

As I passed into the street I was astonished at the swift transformation that had come over it. The block about the Exchange was crowded with a tossing throng, hundreds upon hundreds pushing toward its fateful doors. But where cheerfulness and hope had ruled, fear and gloom now vibrated in electric waves before me. The faces turned to the pitiless, polished granite front of the great gambling-hall were white and drawn, and on them sat Ruin and Despair.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

She Smacked of Books.

"They tell me you kissed Miss Sonnet, the poetess, on yesterday's auto mobile excursion."

"Yes; that is true."

"Indeed! And how did you find her?"

"Miss Sonnet has a marked literary taste."

Friendship of David and Jonathan

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 23, 1935

Specialty Arranged for This Paper

SCRIPTURE TEXT.—1 Samuel 20:30-42

Read all of chapter. Memory verses: 41-42. GOLDEN TEXT.—A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born in adversity.—Prov. 17:17

TIME.—10:30 B. C., and continuing till the death of Jonathan, 1066.

PLACE.—The court of Saul.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

Jonathan.—Jonathan the son of Saul, the crown prince, is one of the finest, the most attractive, and engaging characters in all history.

Mighty in Love. His love did not flow from weakness but from strength. He was Great-heart himself. "He loved David as his own soul."

David, in the "Song of the Bow," his touching lament over his friend slain on Mount Gilboa, exclaims, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me, thy love for me was wonderful, passing the love of women" (2 Sam. 1:26).

Brave. Jonathan was a brave and noble soldier, and had accomplished some very daring feats of arms. Alone with his armor bearer, he had captured a mountain fortress of the Philistines (1 Sam. 14:1-15). He was brave in defending David before his angry father (1 Sam. 20:10, 32). He showed another even nobler courage in 1 Sam. 14:43. "I certainly taste . . . in my hand; here I am; lo, I must die!"—not a lament, but a heroic act of self-sacrifice for the sake of the people.

His good judgment is shown in 1 Sam. 14:27-30.

His faith in God and his religious nature were strong as David's (1 Sam. 14:6, 12; 19: 5; 20:13, 42).

His unselfishness was more prominent than in any other Old Testament character. He was "the Golden Rule exemplified."

His great-hearted unselfishness led him to recognize, submit to, and promote the evident leadings of divine providence (1 Sam. 23:16-18; 20:13-between two men of whom the younger was a most formidable rival to the older).—Blakie.

A Model Son. Jonathan's noble character is also shown by his devotion to his unfortunate father. "To him, if to anyone, the frenzy of the king was amenable." Saul hearkeneth unto the voice of Jonathan (1 Sam. 19:6).

Other Characteristics. Jonathan was older than David, had been brought up in very different circumstances, and was more mature and self-restrained. He was a soldier, not a poet. He had not quite the genius, self-reliance, masterfulness, and vital force of David, nor his versatility, and power of leadership; but his was a great soul, a mighty heart, with a most wonderful capacity for loving.

David.—David, the son of Jesse, the shepherd, also was very attractive in his person; he was accomplished in music and song; he was faithful; he was full of grace like "a he-goat upon the mountains"; he was courageous even in heroism; he "behaved himself wisely in all his ways"; he had great common sense and tact; he was large hearted and generous; and, above all, he had "a sublime faith, a perfect, childlike trust in the glorious arm of the Lord." He had that in him by which he became "a champion of those who were in distress" (1 Sam. 23:1-5), a "wall by night and day" to peaceful shepherds (1 Sam. 25:15, 16).—Professor Sanders.

An Ideal Friendship.—Between David and Jonathan there arose a beautiful, almost ideal friendship. "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." Their souls were interwoven together into a complete texture of friendship. "And Jonathan loved him as his own soul" (1 Sam. 18: 1). This love in its highest perfection, mother love and bridal love is the finest type and illustration of the love of God to his children, as often expressed in the scriptures.

Expression of that Friendship.—First. Jonathan, the crown prince, gave his court robes and armor to David (1 Sam. 18: 4). "Possibly the gift was suggested by the need of the country lad for some dress appropriate to his entrance into court."

Second. He defended David from the frenzy of his father Saul (1 Samuel 19).

Third. By the incident and the covenant in 1 Samuel 20.

He wished David well.

He yielded up his hopes of the kingdom to David, only stipulating that David should not kill him when he became king, as was the custom of the times, and the further history shows the need of the stipulation.

He formed a shrewd plan of making known to David the feelings of Saul toward David.

V. 31. Saul tried to persuade Jonathan to let him kill David, "for as long as the son of Jesse liveth . . . thou shalt not be established."

V. 33. When Jonathan refused, "Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him."

Blessedness of Friendship.

"I would rather have a good friend," said Socrates, "than all other objects of ambition put together."

"The glory of life is to love, not to be loved; to give, not to get; to serve, not to be served."

"It is never given to a man to be wise in the true and noble sense until he is carried out of himself in the purifying passion of love or the generosity of friendship. The self-centered cannot keep friends."

One great advantage of friendship is its tendency to make a person like the one he loves.

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peru-na be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that the medicinal herbs composing Peru-na are of two kinds. First, standard and well-tried catarrh remedies. Second, well-known and generally acknowledged tonic remedies.

That in one or the other of these uses they have stood the test of many years' experience by physicians of different schools. There can be no dispute about this, whatever. Peru-na is composed of some of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrhal diseases, and for such conditions of the human system as require a tonic. Each one of the principal ingredients of Peru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh or as a tonic medicine.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousands of people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents, showing that Peru-na invites the full inspection of the critics.

In Your Youth.

And then there was the time you took her to the county fair. You wore that new \$9.98 suit; had Dewey Mungler's best roadster and rubber-tired rig and a new whip with a red ribbon tied around it. She wore a white dress with a blue sash, and a string of blue glass beads about her neck. Mind those entries in your "daily expense" book—candy, 10 cents; peanuts, 5 cents; merry-go-round tickets, 25 cents; side show, 20 cents; welner-wurst sandwiches, 20 cents; lemonade, 10 cents; ice cream, 20 cents; shooting gallery, 10 cents; tintype—you've got 'em yet, you sitting and she standing with her hand on your shoulder—50 cents. Gee, but you thought you "blew yourself" that day, didn't you? Los Angeles Express.

Absorbing.

Silas—Ha! Ha! Reuben got bunked again.

Cyrus—Do tell! What was it this time?

Silas—Why, Reuben saw an ad that stated that for one dollar they would send him some of the most absorbing literature he ever read.

Cyrus—And what did they send him?

Silas—Why, they sent him a pamphlet entitled "How Blotters Are Made" and another entitled "Points on Turkish Towels."

Why He Felt Sad.

"Young man," said the stern old broker, "I find that you slipped off yesterday afternoon and went to the ball game. Don't you feel bad about it?"

"Indeed I do, boss," confessed Tommy.

"Ah! That's one consolation." "Yes, I felt bad 'cause the home team lost."

No Liquids.

"These political meetings are fakes," grumbled the tall tramp in the green shirt.

"Why so, pard?" asked his chum.

"Cause last night I went to a meeting billed as an 'overflow meetin'' and there wan't nothin' overflowin'—not even root beer."

Impetus.

Knicker—Flanagan made a record throwing the hammer.

Mrs. Knicker—Did he hit his thumb?—New York Sun.

SELF DELUSION

Many People Deceived by Coffee.

We like to defend our indulgences and habits even though we may be convinced of their actual harmfulness.

A man can convince himself that whisky is good for him on a cold morning, or beer on a hot summer day—when he wants the whisky or beer.

It's the same with coffee. Thousands of people suffer headaches and nervousness year after year but try to persuade themselves the cause is not coffee—because they like coffee.

"While yet a child I commenced using coffee and continued it," writes a Wis. man, "until I was a regular coffee fiend. I drank it every morning and in consequence had a blinding headache nearly every afternoon."

"My folks thought it was coffee that ailed me, but I liked it and would not admit it was the cause of my trouble, so I stuck to coffee and the headaches stuck to me."

"Finally, the folks stopped buying coffee and brought home some Postum. They made it right (directions on pkg.) and told me to see what difference it would make with my head, and during the first week on Postum my old affliction did not bother me once. From that day to this we have used nothing but Postum in place of coffee—headaches are a thing of the past and the whole family is in fine health."

"Postum looks good, smells good, tastes good, is good, and does good to the whole body." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



BEFORE ME STOOD
DODDRIDGE KNAPP
HIS FACE PALE AS
THE FACE OF A CORPSE